

Poem for an Organism Alone

Comunidad Los Horcones Hermosillo, Mexico

Skinner asked us to meet him at his hotel room for an interview about Walden Two. I arrived first, the door was open and he was sitting on a sofa right in front of it, with his hand on the cane and his sight fixed to the floor.

I was going to knock on the door. Instead I stood still. I preferred to observe him. A few minutes passed and he did not move; he seemed to be immobile. I wished for a camera so that I could preserve what was affecting me at that moment and view it many times in the future. And I said to myself: "This is how I want to remember Fred, because for me Fred was the one who was there."

I later wrote a poem¹ and I titled it, "Walden Two has not yet arrived."

Walden Two Has Not Yet Arrived

*Alone, with your thoughts
talking to yourself
asking and answering
covertly within your skin,
but not in your mind nor in your brain.*

*A changing complex organism
not self initiated
produced by the environment
and its phylogeny and ontogeny
an organism who does, not stores
just interacts, changes.*

*Alone, not understood
completely misinterpreted
and unjustly judged
by a non reinforcing
nor reinforced verbal behavior.*

*Alone, not listened to
with your unvalued discoveries
with your unacceptance
and even less lived proposals.*

*Alone, thinking,
revising a paper,
writing it, bearing, having it.*

*Alone, living in a
defectively planned
and accidentally created cultural
environment
which blames and gives credit.*

*Alone, with a believable and realizable utopia
a thousand times sensed,
missed and desired.*

*Alone, in a hotel room,
verbally ruminating
entertained with words,
waiting for a Walden Two
that has not yet arrived.*

¹The poem was originally written in Spanish, thus with the translation, it lost part of its poetic verses and possibly part of its meaning.